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DAVID DEFIABOUE, GUNSMITH, BEDFORD, PA. Workshop same as formerly occupied by John Fordt, deceased.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN, BEDFORD, PA. Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford.

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J. E. GILLETTE, B. SCOTT, JR. Apr. 17, 1863-1y.

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THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I have painted the woods, I have kindled the sky, I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye; I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn, And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.

OUR MINISTER'S TRIAL.

A good man was our pastor, Rev. Thornton Haven, and one of no common eloquence. Our best—I had almost written good—church members loved him. I am sorry to say that a few, thorned by the words that fell from his lips when he endeavored to excite his brethren and sisters to

of the children, 'you lost a kiss from your father by not being in the house when he got home this afternoon from the lower village, and I got it.'

Mr. Haven denied ever having kissed the girl, and suggested that the deacons should write to Fanny, who was teaching school about twenty miles distant, and get at the truth of the matter.

The deacons did. They stepped into the minister's study and wrote. In a few days there came the reply:

'You ask me if on one occasion Rev. Mr. Haven gave me a kiss—where we were, and who were present. In answer I state: Rev. Mr. Haven, did one afternoon, while I was staying at his home, and in the sitting room, give me a kiss. No persons but ourselves were present.'

Deacon Johnson was elated, and immediately wrote to his wife's cousin, a young candidate, that there would soon be a vacant parish where he, no doubt would receive a call.

Deacon Brown was thunderstruck and disappointed. Fanny Lawton's word was not to be doubted—it was so plain a matter that there could be no mistake. Mr. Haven, after all was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Still the minister denied the charge. He could not do such a thing without being aware of it, and knew that he had never kissed the girl, or any other girl but his wife, before marriage or since, in his life.

Deacon Johnson brought the entire matter before the church. He was excellent on such cases. The charge contained two distinct allegations:

1. Rev. Thornton Haven had been guilty of a great impropriety, rendering it expedient that he should be dismissed from the pastorate.

2. He had lied about the matter.

Fanny Lawton was sent for, and the church called together. Rev. Solon Dickenson, the pastor of a neighboring church, was present to moderate the meeting. The meeting house was filled. Every member of the church, but old bed-ridden Polly Stearns, was present. The tavern was well represented. All the scoffers and scorners, within half a score of miles, who could get there, were in attendance.

The church meeting was duly opened. Deacon Johnson then brought forward his charges.

Fanny was called to testify. Her testimony was: 'One afternoon—I think it must have been early in March—three of Mr. Haven's children and myself were alone in the sitting room; their mother had gone to the sewing-circle. Mr. Haven came into the house from the other village; the children met him at the door which opens from the sitting-room into the hall; as he came in they went out, and he gave each, as they met him, a kiss—then coming in, gave me one.'

A painful silence followed Miss Lawton's testimony. At length Deacon Johnson put the question: 'Did he close the door before coming into the sitting-room?'

The answer was: 'I think he did.' 'Had a pin fallen on the carpet, it would have been heard in any part of our large and beautiful sanctuary.'

Then Mr. Haven rose up and said: 'Miss Lawton what did you do with that kiss I gave you?'

'Here it is,' said Fanny, holding up a specimen of confectionary sometimes called a kiss.

Then there was another pause, and silence that was oppressive. All were too much amazed, and either gratified or mortified and disappointed, to move. Most of those present held their breaths. 'Fanny,' said our blessed minister, 'did I ever kiss you?'

'No never. I never said you did.'

So ended our minister's trial.

MR. LINCOLN'S CHOICE READINGS.—Ancient philosophers used to say, that the best indications of a man's inward feelings was to be found in the choice of his readings, and in the communion of the soul with the writers of the age.

I do not believe that this reflection has lost anything of its accuracy for being old. Mr. Lincoln, who tries to regulate his life upon the model of the great statesmen of Rome and Greece, and who to that effect has lived in close intimacy with Montaigne for the last three months, adds by his example a new weight to the authority of the old sages. He reads the old French writer with delight, and says he is the greatest thinker France, and perhaps the world, has produced. His readings are not, unfortunately for us, confined to that book. Others of a more dangerous character occupy, also, his leisure. He has recently added to his private library the "History of Cromwell's Protectorate," the "Return of Napoleon the first from Egypt," the "Coup d'Etat of Napoleon the Third." These three books, which might be called "Treaties on the Art of Usurpation," are now his subjects of meditation. He reads them by day and by night, and puts them under his pillow case when he goes to bed, so as to have the deleterious example and practices contained in these books in close proximity with the seat of his thoughts.—Washington Letter.

Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

It is the temper of the highest heart, like the palm tree, to strive most warily when most burdened.

Zobart Hall was once asked what he thought of an elegant sermon, which had created a great sensation. "Very fine sir," he replied, "but a man can't eat flowers."

ONE STEP MORE.

Had I better get in and row across, I wonder? Nobody would ever know any thing about it; and there the new boat lies, rocking on the river, and there are two oars in the bottom. It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; it would be such a splendid sail!

Of course, nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when we went down to the mill,

'Why, Helen, Harry's a natural-born sailor. He can manage the boat as well as I.'

'O dear! I wish he'd never seen that boat!' said mamma. 'I expect it will be the death of him yet.'

'Well, he didn't inherit his natural taste from you, that's certain,' laughed grandpa; 'but women are always nervous about the water.'

And that's all. It's just mamma's nervousness; and I know nothing would happen to me, getting in there, and having a little sail; and it would be so nice this afternoon, and the river looks away up by the bridge, like a ribbon among the oaks and poplars.

Nobody would know anything about it, either; for, of course, I should get back safe, and I don't believe there's any harm in it.

But, then, there's my promise to mother, there's no getting around that, as it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday.

She called me to the carriage and bent over one side, and smoothed my hair as she always does when she talks to me.

'Now, Harry, my boy,' she said, 'I want you to promise that you won't get inside that boat until your father and I get home again.'

'No, mamma, I won't certainly,' I answered, though I later to be certain—that's a fact.

And I think it's too bad that such a big boy as I am can't have his own way in such things. O dear! dear! the longer I look, the more I want to go. It seems as if I must.

One more step and I shall be in the boat; but there—my promise to mamma!

And how shall I feel when she comes and looks in my face, and call me her darling boy, and puts her arms around my neck and kisses me over and over again?

She won't ask me whether I've been in the boat, because I promised her I wouldn't; and I never told my mother a lie in my life. And I won't now.

Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had! 'Has Harry been a good boy?' she said, 'and not done a single thing his mother would disapprove of?'

'No, I guess not, mamma,' I said; but I was thinking about the boat, and didn't speak very positively.

Mamma held me away, and looked in my eyes.

'You guess not? Are you quite certain, Harry?' she asked.

'Well, mamma, I haven't done anything, but I've thought about it.'

She threw her arms around me and held me close to her.

'Tell me all about it, Harry,' she said.

And then I did. I told her about going to the river Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat, and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was, and how it was, and how in one step I should have been in; but the memory of my promise to her, and the thought that God saw me, held me back, when there was only one step betwixt me and the boat.

And when I had done, I found mamma's tears falling like rain-drops on my hair.

'Oh my child! I thank God, I thank God!' she said.

And I, too, thanked him from my heart that I didn't take that one step.—Church Monthly.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Blair county (Pa.) Way furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident of which he was an eye-witness. It occurred a few years ago on the line of the great internal improvements of that State. It was one of those acts of genuine kind-heartedness which fill the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is something of the angel still in our common nature.

At the point this side of the mountain, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat awaiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way through to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-browned man stood by his craft superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after a party of about a half dozen of gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise:

'Sir, we wish to go on East, but our further progress to-day depends upon you. In the cars we have just left is a sick man whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?'

'Gentlemen,' replied the captain, 'I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?'

To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn out creature, whose life was nearly eaten out by that cancer worm—consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly.

'O, sir,' said the shivering invalid looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation, 'save you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers looked upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind! You see, sir, I am dying, but oh, if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy! She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die.'

'You shall go,' said the captain, 'if I lose every passenger for the trip.'

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled on the path and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more and that decision was made known, as they beheld him coming from the cars with his dying burden cradled in his arms. Pushing his way through the crowd with the sick man, he ordered a mattress to be spread in the choicest part of the boat where he laid the invalid with the care of a parent. That done the captain ordered the boat to be got ready for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to pervade the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a white-headed man; who, with tear-drops in his eyes, told that rough, sun-browned man that they felt humbled before him, and they asked forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken in the heart of nature, and its waters swelled up, choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant, a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed" to his home, to die in the arms of his mother!

THE FIVE CRADLES.

A gentleman who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation.

Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her and by sleeping off his merriment, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without disturbing her, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped off his apparel the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with perfect losseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backwards in an equal summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and bent foremost over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner.

'Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another one before me!'

Many real virtues may be acquired by straining after an unattainable perfection. When a thing is once believed possible, it is half realized.

A little girl residing in Whitewater, Wisconsin, was strangled to death a few days ago, in endeavoring to swallow a raw oyster.

What reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants and spiders? What wise hand teaches them what reason can not teach us?

Old men love their early memories. Like the Greeks, they draw pictures of bliss, as it were, on the marble sarcophagus of their changed, but slumbering past.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 4 columns: One Square, three weeks or less; One Square, each additional insertion less than three months; 3 MONTHS; 6 MONTHS; 1 YEAR. Includes rates for Administrators' and Executors' notices.

The space occupied by ten lines of this size of type counts as a square. All fractions of a square under five lines will be measured as a half square and all over five lines as a full square. All legal advertisements will be charged to the person having them in.

THE CROPS FOR THE YEAR 1864.

The final report (September and October) of the crops for the present year has just been made by the Agricultural Department at Washington. The returns are now full, and the following assume the character of ascertained quantities. The wheat crop amounts to 160,695,923 bushels. It takes about five bushels of wheat to make a barrel of flour, which would make the production equal to thirty-three millions and a half barrels, or more than one and a half barrels to every one of the population of twenty millions whose industry produced it. The production of wheat is only about nine millions less than in 1863, which was considered an excellent crop. The rye production was 19,872,957 bushels, or less than one million short of the production of the previous year. Barley 10,716,328, about the same decrease as rye in the year's production. Oats 176,690,064 bushels, an increase of six millions over the previous year. Hay 18,116,751 tons, or about a million and a half tons less than in 1863. Corn 530,531,403 bushels, or about seventy-eight millions increase over the year preceding. Buckwheat 18,700,340 bushels, an increase of nearly three millions. Potatoes 96,256,888, a decrease of four millions.

Taking the yearly production, therefore, the balance is in favor of 1864, and the quality is much better. If the currency and taxes did not affect prices, all the leading articles of provisions which form the support of life would be less in price. The sorghum, another valuable crop, shows a large increase. In the production of animal food there is, however, a material falling off in nearly all the States. The production of flax seed shows a very large increase, New Jersey and Pennsylvania taking the lead in this increase; in the first amounting to over fourteen per cent, and in Pennsylvania four per cent. Ten of the loyal States produce cotton. The falling off in tobacco is set down at sixty-seven millions of pounds. Balancing all the increase and decrease of vegetable and animal production, and there is shown to be abundance of food for the population. The surprising part of it is that the production should be so large with so many men engaged in war; and so much destruction of animal life for war purposes. The use of machinery in farming has made up for the absence of hands. Hereafter, when peace is re-established, its good effects will be felt in highly increased crops.—Phil. Ledger.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

Last evening we were walking leisurely along. The music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange times but one; and that one, was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

It was sweet old "Corinth" they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanched; and were in a moment transported back again to the old village church; and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow garbans were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded "application" and "exhortation," and the village choir singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth."

It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and "the prayers of David, the son of Jesse," and the choir are scattered and gone—the girl with blue eyes sang alto, and the girl with black eyes sang air; the eyes of one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives and both mothers; and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing "Corinth" still where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the "leader," and to our young ears their tones were the "very soul of music." That column bears still their penciled names as they wrote them in life's June, 1839, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud.

Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air! they linger in memory, and they shall yet be in the sweet re-union of song that shall take place by and by in a ball whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more.

A VERY SENSIBLE LADY.—A deaf old lady who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor was being examined in Court, when the Judge suggested a compromise, and instructed the counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter.

'What will you take?' asked the counsel of the old lady. She shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury in confidence, that she was 'very hard on herin.'

'His Honor wants to know what you will take?' asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the ear of the old lady.

'I thank his Honor kindly,' said the ancient dame, 'and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little ale.'

Misfortune is fond of the society of the ill-natured. Treat it good humoredly, and it won't call again.

Old men love their early memories. Like the Greeks, they draw pictures of bliss, as it were, on the marble sarcophagus of their changed, but slumbering past.